MARVEL

37

WAY
EATON
HENNESSEY
TROY

WOLVERINE®
ORIGINS

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WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

The mutant Wolverine has spent a century fighting those who would manipulate him for his unique powers—razor-sharp claws, heightened senses, and a healing factor capable of miracles. After repeated brainwashing, torture, and reprogramming, Wolverine's past was as much a mystery to him as to anyone. With those long-lost memories returned to him, Wolverine has set out on a mission to punish the conspirators who have wronged him.

Wolverine has finally found his long-lost son, Daken. Just like his father, Daken is vicious, ruthless and virtually unstoppable—and both father and son have spent their entire lives being manipulated by a dark figure known only as Romulus.

Logan and Daken set off to find Romulus and exact their revenge—but Daken betrayed his father—nearly killing Logan in the process.

Free for the moment of his troubled son's machinations, Logan follows Romulus's right-hand man Victor Hudson to Russia, hoping to pick up Romulus's trail…but it's no coincidence that the psychotic-killer population of a nearby Russian prison has just increased by one. Enter Omega Red!

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VUTLUGA PRISON; RUSSIA:

〈YOUR AFTERNOON REPORT, WARDEN.〉

〈ANY INCIDENTS...?〉

〈SEVENTEEN, SIR.〉

〈ONLY SEVENTEEN?〉

〈THE PRISONERS ARE *LISTLESS*, SIR.〉

〈MANY HAVE COMPLAINED OF FEELING... *DRAINED*.〉

〈I FEEL MUCH THE SAME WAY.〉

〈NO INCIDENTS WITHIN THE *SOLITARY CONFINEMENT UNIT*?〉

〈NONE, SIR.〉

〈YET...〉

‹SIR.›

‹WHY WAS ROSSOVICH SENT *HERE*? WHY...›

‹...US?›

‹GOD'S WILL, PERHAPS.›

‹...DO YOU *BELIEVE* THAT, SIR?›

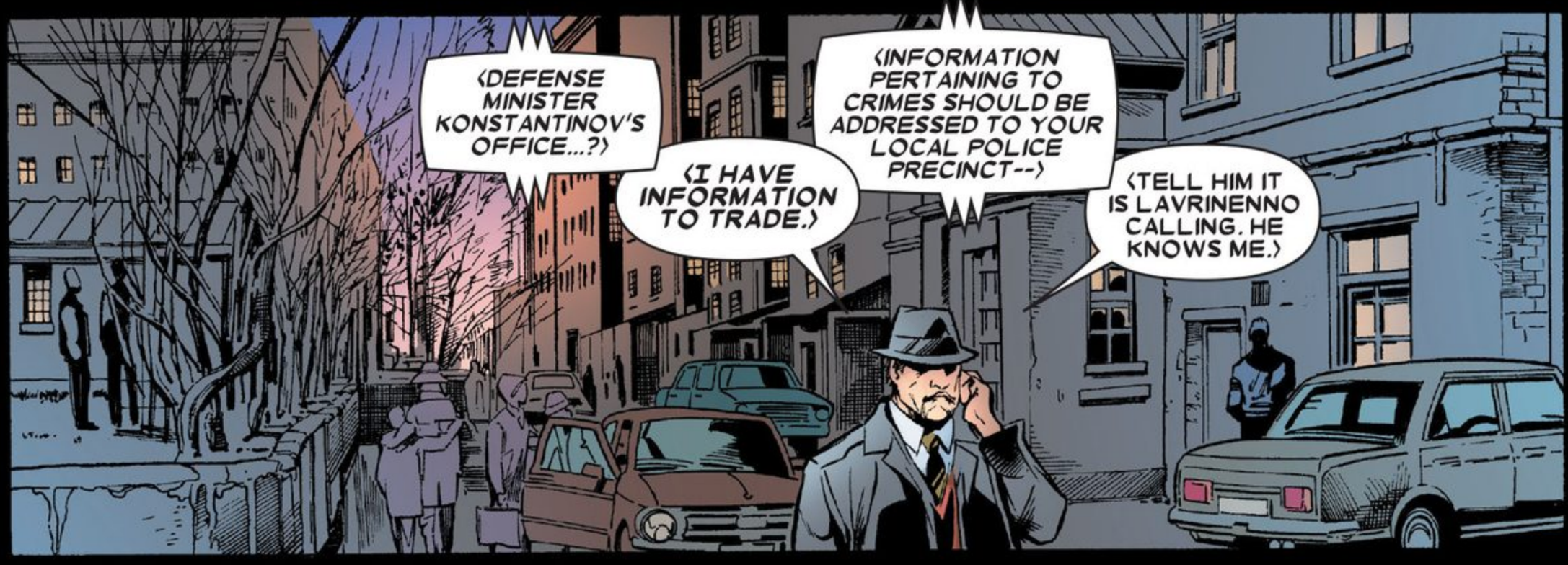
‹NO. I DO NOT.›

‹I SUSPECT THERE ARE *OTHER* FORCES AT WORK.›

‹FORCES YOU AND I SHOULD PRAY NEVER TO KNOW.›

ROMULUS

PART ONE


〈DEFENSE MINISTER KONSTANTINOV'S OFFICE...?〉
〈I HAVE INFORMATION TO TRADE.〉
〈INFORMATION PERTAINING TO CRIMES SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO YOUR LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT--〉
〈TELL HIM IT IS LAVRINENNO CALLING. HE KNOWS ME.〉
〈HOLD THE LINE.〉
〈LAVRINENNO, IT IS GOOD TO HEAR FROM YOU! HOW IS YOUR SISTER?〉
〈DEAD.〉
〈I MURDERED HER IN A GARAGE IN SKROTJA, NINE YEARS AGO.〉
〈BUT WE BOTH KNOW THIS, OLEG.〉
〈WHAT IS YOUR INFORMATION?〉
〈THE WOLVERINE IS HERE. IN NOVOSIBIRSK.〉
〈YOU ARE CERTAIN?〉
〈YES. I SAW HIM JUST MOMENTS AGO.〉
〈I SEE.〉
〈PUT HIM ON THE PHONE.〉

KONSTANTINOV.

WHO IS BACKING YOUR MISSION?

NOBODY. IT'S PERSONAL.

THIS IS OF NO COMFORT TO ME.

PERHAPS, WHILE YOU ARE IN NEIGHBORHOOD, YOU WOULD LIKE TO PARTICIPATE IN OUR NEW CAPITALIST SOCIETY?

WHAT DO YOU REQUIRE?

POST A LIST. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO. PAYMENT'S IN ADVANCE, THOUGH.

KEEP AN EYE ON ME.

STARTIN' TOMORROW, I WANNA BE SPOTTED IN MOSCOW, THEN IN ODESSA, MAYBE TCHELI--

IN OTHER WORDS, ANYWHERE YOU ARE NOT.

YEAH.

TELL ME, WHO DO YOU THINK IS WATCHING YOU? I ASK NOT TO BE INTRUSIVE, BUT TO SIMPLY KNOW...

...WHO CAN SEE ME?

I CAN SEE YOU, KONSTANTINOV.

THAT'S ALL YOU SHOULD BE WORRYIN' ABOUT.

KONSTANTINOV'S FALSE BROADCAST WILL BUY ME A FEW DAYS AT THE MOST--EVENTUALLY, *ROMULUS* WILL SEE THROUGH IT.

BUT A FEW DAYS IS ALL *I NEED.*

VICTOR HUDSON KNOWS I'M FOLLOWIN' HIM. BEEN DOIN' IT SINCE *NEW YORK,* NINE DAYS AGO.

HE'S BEEN TRYIN' TO GIMME THE SLIP, BUT HE CAN'T. NOT ANYMORE. *NOT EVER AGAIN.*

I'VE GOT HIS SCENT.

VICTOR IS ROMULUS'*S RIGHT-HAND MAN*-- HIS *OPERATIVE.* HIS *SOLE PHYSICAL INTERFACE WITH THE REST O' THE WORLD.*

THAT'S ROMULUS'S GREATEST STRENGTH--NOBODY'S EVER SEEN HIM.

INCLUDIN' *VICTOR.*

BORN *BLIND AN' MUTE,* HE'S PERFECTLY SUITED FOR THE JOB. I COULD TORTURE HIM ALL DAY AN' NIGHT, HE'LL NEVER TELL ME NOTHIN'--HE *CAN'T.*

BUT IF I FOLLOW HIM *LONG* ENOUGH--AN' IF MY PLAY THROUGH KONSTANTINOV *WORKS* AN' HE THINKS IT'S *SAFE*-- HE'LL LEAD ME BACK TO HIS MASTER.

UP 'TIL NOW, THERE WERE TWO THINGS HOLDIN' ME BACK FROM GOIN' DIRECTLY AT ROMULUS--*I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO FIND HIM* AN', EVEN IF I DID, GETTIN' TO HIM MEANT GOIN' DIRECTLY THROUGH MY SON, *DAKEN.*

NOW, *FINALLY,* I'VE GOT A TRAIL TO FOLLOW. AN' WITH DAKEN OFF DOIN' HIS *OWN* THING...

SNIKT!

SNIKT!

...THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' THAT ROMULUS CAN THROW IN MY WAY TO *STOP* ME.

AAH...

‹...DINNER TIME.›

‹MAKE IT QUICK.›
‹BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO BRING THE CUP AND PLATE BACK *WITH* YOU?›
‹YOU HAVE *AIDS*.›
‹THAT IS WHY THEY USE YOU FOR THIS TASK. BECAUSE YOU ARE ALREADY *DEAD*.›

‹NO.›
‹I VOLUNTEERED.›
AH.
‹YOU *WANT* ME TO KILL YOU, HM? BUT THERE IS SO LITTLE LIFE LEFT *IN* YOU...IT IS HARDLY WORTH MY EFFORT.›
TAKE THE CUP AND PLATE.
THIS FOOD DOES NOT AGREE WITH ME.

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

〈MY SENTENCE WAS FOR *TEN YEARS.*〉

〈BUT THEN I GOT THIS... #$%@ING *DISEASE...*〉

〈I'M GOING TO DIE IN HERE.〉

〈*ALONE.*〉

〈OH, YOU WON'T BE *ALONE...*〉

〈*THEN DO IT!*〉

〈I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, *ROSSOVICH!* YOU COULD KILL EVERYONE *IN* THIS HELL!〉

"‹WHY ARE YOU WAITING?!›"

PFF--!

‹I THINK I FOUND IT!›

AMSTERDAM:

‹THIS IS IT! THE CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER!›

MM-WAH!

‹I'M SORRY, ALFONS.›

‹FOR WHAT?›

‹YOU HAVE JUST MADE ME A VERY RICH MAN!›

SHUKK!

‹DON'T MOVE!›

‹DROP YOUR WEAPON!›

‹DROP YOUR WEAPON!›

POLITIE

I DON'T...

‹I WILL NOT WARN YOU AGAIN!›

HAVE...

BLAM! BLAM!

‹I HAVE THE ITEM. YES.›

‹JUST AS YOU SAID.›

DO NOT FORGET WE HAVE A DEAL--I GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT, YOU GIVE ME WHAT I WANT.

DO NOT WORRY, LIEUTENANT...

...YOU WILL GET EXACTLY WHAT YOU DESERVE.

ROMULUS SEEMS TO HAVE A THING FER *TRAINS.*

KRASNOYARSK; TWO DAYS LATER:

MAKES SENSE--EVERY CONTINENT ON THE GLOBE 'CEPT *ANTARCTICA* IS COVERED BY A NETWORK O' OLD RAILWAY TRACKS, MOST OF 'EM *FORGOTTEN.*

HIDDEN 'CAUSE NOBODY'S *LOOKIN'* FOR 'EM.

EVERY TRACK IN A RAIL SYSTEM'S CONNECTED TO EVERY OTHER TRACK IN THAT SYSTEM.

AN' EVERY SYSTEM'S CONNECTED WITH EVERY *OTHER* SYSTEM AT THE *SWITCHYARDS.*

EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED.

THAT'S WHAT I'M LOOKIN' FOR--A *CONNECTION.*

AN' I THINK I JUST FOUND IT.

‹I WAS TOLD TO BRING YOU THIS.›
HEH-HEH-HEH...
‹GOOD NEWS?›
‹VERY GOOD NEWS.›
‹BY DAWN, YOUR SUFFERING WILL BE OVER.›

SUN'S UP.

AN' THE TRAIN'S STOPPED.

WHERE YA GOIN', VICTOR?

IS THIS IT?

IS THAT WHERE YOU HIDE YOURSELF?

LOCKED.

FROM THE OUTSIDE.

SOMEBODY'S ON THE OTHER SIDE O' THIS. SOMEBODY WHO *LET VICTOR IN.*

SNIKT!

ROMULUS.

RRAARR!

A PRISON...

AGAIN, IT MAKES SENSE. IT'S FORTIFIED, SECURE, ***REMOTE***...

...AN' EVEN THOUGH EVERYBODY KNOWS IT EXISTS, THEY PRETEND IT ***DOESN'T***. NOBODY'S ***LOOKIN'***, 'CAUSE NOBODY WANTS TO ***SEE***.

THIS IS WHERE THE MONSTERS LIVE.

BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.

PLACE ***ALREADY*** REEKS O' ***DEATH***...

...AN' NOT THE ***NATURAL*** KIND.

SOMETHIN'S WRONG HERE.

WHERE ARE THE--

GUARDS...?

&@$#...

THIS PLACE IS *BURNT*-- HE'S KILLIN' EVERYBODY OFF. CUTTIN' TIES.

ROMULUS KNEW I WAS COMING.

BUT HOW...?

THE *CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER?* I DROPPED THIS IN A RIVER IN AMSTERDAM.

HOW DID *THIS* END UP...?

I WAS LOOKIN' SO HARD FOR A *HIDDEN CONNECTION...*

...I MISSED THE MOST OBVIOUS ONE.

I'VE BEEN SET UP.

VICTOR *KNEW* I WAS TRAILIN' HIM.

HE *LED* ME HERE. *BY THE NOSE.*

ALL MY MOVES, *ALL MY PLANS...*

...AN' *I STILL* WALKED *RIGHT INTO ROMULUS'S TRAP.*

YOU WERE A *FOOL*, LOGAN. *A DAMN FOOL.*

AND NOW YOU WILL DIE.

TO BE CONTINUED...